# The Weekly Museum

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## THE HISTORY OF CHARLES MORTIMER.

[Continued from our last.]

IN the mean time Mortimer's father was liberated from prison, and through the indulgence of his creditors, was again established in business. He had received a letter from his brother, a merchant in England, who informed him of the declinging state of his health, and his consequent inability to attend to his affairs. He had no children, and therefore requested that his nephew Mortimer, whom he had loved in his infancy, would come and take charge of his estate.

Mortimer had informed his father by a letter of the place of his residence, and upon the receipt of the letter from his brother, his father set out in order to visit him, and to communicate to him the intelligence of his request. Upon his arrival in the city, he made enquiry for the house where Mr Brinton resided; and pursuing his directions, he soon discovered the place, and fortunately found Mr. Brinton standing in his door. He accosted him, and inquired if Charles Mortimer his son resided with him. "Charles Mortimer?" cried Mr. Brinton, "he has resided with me; but having robbed my house, and abused my daughter, he was apprehended and sent to prison; he has lately been convicted and sentenced to hard labour."

It is impossible to describe the father's feeling's when this lamentable intelligence was announced to him. He left Mr. Brinton abruptly, and immediately repaired to the prison, where he found Mortimer in a cold damp cell leaning upon his hand, apparently in a stare of stupefaction. The sound of footsteps attracted his attention towards the door; he raised his languid eye, and instantly recognised his father." He flew to his embraces; an expressive silence ensued, and tears in mutual streams, more eloquent than language, expressed the emotions they experienced.

After the first trasports of this interview had a little subsided, Mortimer gave his father a circumstantial account of the misfortunes that had befallen him. The ingratitude of Mr. Brinton and his daughter astonished him beyond conception, and he instantly meditated revenge upon the perpetrators of such dark atrocity. Mortimer endeavoured to pacify him, and represented the danger and impolicy of his resentment.

After much difficulty and expending a considerable sum of money, his father procured his release from imprisonment. Mortimer was once more at liberty, and was resolved immediately to embark for London the residence of his uncle, in order to comply with his request.

A vessel bound for that city intended to sail in a few days, and Mortimer engaged a passage in her. He took leave of his father who returned home, and he soon bade adieu to America.

When he arrived in London he found his uncle's health rapidly declining, and his physicians were of the opinion that he would not survive a month. The charge of his business entirely devolved upon Mortimer, who executed his duty with punctuality and faithfulness. His uncle's dissolution still drew near; he attended him night and day, and by his endearment and assiduous attention, he gained his uncle's unbounded love and esteem.

His uncle still grew worse, and one day he called him to his bed side, and expressed himself as follows: "I am not insensible, Mortimer, of the amiable virtues you possess; I have marked your diligence and sobriety; I have seen the involuntary tear of genuine sympathy glide down your cheeks in the moments of my extremity; and as a reward to your merits, I have resolved to bequeath you all my personal estate, which, after the payment of my debts, will amount to fifty thousand pounds sterling."

At the expression of such grateful sentiments, a secret rapture infused itself into the heart of Mortimer. This ample compensation for the toils he had suffered, was unexpected, and he told his uncle he was sorry he had disclosed such intentions to him before his death, lest it might create a presumption that he wished for the event.

His uncle died in about three weeks after, and fulfiled his intentions by bequeathing to him the estate he had promised. Mortimer spent about seven months in the settlement of his uncle's affairs, and after the payment of his debts his estate amounted to the value of about fifty-seven thousand pounds sterling.

Mortimer now meditated a return to America: he purchased several vessels, freighted them with valuable cargoes, and destined them for the port from which he had embarked. Several days were spent in preparation for his voyage, and he left England in compan with several respectable characters, who had been dissatisfied with the British government, and had resolved to emigrate to the happier shores of America. Among the passengers that had embarked was Mr. Joseph Ruston and his daughter, for whose social virtues Mortimer soon conceived the highest estimation. Miss Ruston possessed all the external advantages and literary accomplishments which he had venerated in Amelia, but she was transcendently her superior in the virtues of the heart. In their social intercourse they soon conceived the most flattering prepossession for each other, which eventually terminated in a mutual love of the most permanent and inviolable nature.

The vessel, after a prosperous voyage, arrived safely in port. The vessels he had freighted, arrived soon afterwards, and by an advantageous disposal of their cargoes, he cleared upwards of eight thousand pounds sterling. He purchased several valuable farms in the country and elegant houses in the city, the scene of his misfortunes, where he had determined to establish himself in business notwithstanding his former disgrace.

He now devoted much of his time to Miss Ruston, and one evening, as he was about to pay her a visit, he was accosted in the street by an emaciated female figure, with a faultering voice, who solicited his charity. It rained, and the night was dark and cold; she stood shivering in tattered garments, and the water dripped from her dishevelled hair. A tear of pity and commiseration bedewed his cheek; he enquired her name and residence; she hesitated, and after a momentary pause, she replied, "my name is Sarah Lesley, and my residence is in an obscure alley, where I spend my time in solitude and hunger, brooding over my sorrows, and recalling to my distracted imagination those happy moments, when fortune seemed to shower its blessings upon me. Two days have nearly passed since I have tasted food, and you, Sir, are the fourth person whose charity I have solicited."

"You appear indeed the object of compassion," replied Mortimer; "will you lead me to your apartment, and perhaps I will relive your wants?" After a considerable pause she consented, and conducted him to a solitary hut, where poverty and wretchedness seemed to vie for the ascendancy. The only light of the apartment was the faint glimmerings of a distant lamp from without, which served only to discover the horror that reigned within. A few bundles of straw, with a coverlet thrown over them, formed her bed; the panes of the windows were broken, and the tempest beat in upon her. "Alas," cried Mortimer, "is this your abode, and what direful calamity has reduced you to such misery?" "I am the victim of heaven's chosen wrath," replied she; "and as you visit me, I hope, in the capacity of a friend, I will disclose to you the origin of my misfortunes. My father was a merchant, and we rolled in all the blessings that affluence could bestow; but how transitory are all worldly prospects: he suffered bankruptcy, and was thrown into prison, where he died of a broken heart. His whole estate was sold which was not sufficient for the payment of his debts, and I have sought refuge in this miserable dwelling, which has been the residence of a female domestic of my father, who has been convicted and is now imprisoned for perjury."

"And were you connected in her guilt," cried Mortimer. "Alas," said she, "the consequence of that perjury was the death of an innocent man the most amiable of his sex, whom I loved even to distraction." Silence and a torrent of tears ensued: "my unconquerable pride," continued she, "prompted me to wage eternal war against the softer dictates of nature: the more I loved, the more I persecuted him, and through the suggestions of an infernal principle within me, I heaped upon his devoted head an accumulation of unheard-of evils, for which I now suffer the most dreadful goads of conscience."

Mortimer's suspicion and curiosity were excited, and he enquired the name of this victim of her persecutions. "His name" replied she, "was Charles Mortimer, who though he saved my father from"——"Good God!" interrupted Mortimer," are you Amelia! I am that Mortimer whose history you are relating." She screamed aloud, and her shrieks alarmed some of the neighbours who, supposing her to be in distress, ran to her assistance: a light was brought, and Amelia was discovered clasping his knees in the agony of inexpressible emotions. His heart

ever the seat of forgiveness; he returned the embrace; they sunk into each others arms, and intermingled mutual streams of tears expressive of feelings beyond the power of conception.

"Oh God," exclaimed she, "why shouldst thou deign this luxury of rapture to an ingrate a monster who bears not the least resemblance of thy goodness! How can my dear Mortimer return with such ardent sincerity, the embrace of a wretch who has heaped such manifold afflictions on him! do I not rather merit your fiercest indignation? and should not my blood flow as an atonement for my ingratitude and perversion. I have sinned against heaven, against nature, and the sweet remonstrances of love, that most angelic principle which can actuate the human heart. Can I, my dear Mortimer, anticipate forgiveness from you who have been the victim of my malevolence?"

[To be concluded in our next.]

## THE DIRE RESOLVE OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

I AM certainly a friend to the ladies: and though I am often dubbed by fair lips a bachelor, morose and surly; yet I am not insensible to the charms of beauty, or female excellence. My cottage is never visited by the species, except a maiden aunt, who was twenty years of age, thirty-three years since, and who now and then calls to exort me to matrimony; and, in short, the good old creature details her subject with such pathetic eloquence, that I almost resolve on conversion. But, during my pilgrimage in this world, I have profited much by forty years experience; while in my teens, the fantasies of love danced around my volatile imagination, and often bewildered and confounded my romantic senses. But no sooner had sober manhood come to my assistance, than I renounced the allurements of love, and yielded to serious reflection. It is now twenty-four years, last November, since I bid adieu to the face of Camilla. Were I to describe her with the emotions I then felt, I should invoke tropes, metaphors, poetry, music, and all the fine arts to my assistance. I wrote several sonnets to her eye-brow, a long elegy on the death of her kitten, and bewailed, in true elegiac, the bloody catastrophe of a prick of her little finger. I can safely say I then thought my time most nobly employed; a single smile was a rich compensation for the loss of several nights sleep. But the eye of reason has since been purified, and Camilla is no more a goddess. My superior in age and art, has learnt how to set up an unwary lover; a proficient in coquetry, she never wasted a smile to charm, nor a frown to repel. Nature had given a beautiful curve to her lips, and scattered vermillion over her cheeks; and proper attention to her person, had improved the softness that nature gave her. But her disposition, or in other words, her heart, was a good representative of Pandora's box. I could no sooner quit her presence, than her scandalous tongue began to attack me, at all points, and no poor devil could be better caricatured, than I. She would sometimes call me a sign-post likeness of human nature, a monkey on stilts; and even proposed hiring me to stand by the meeting-house, during a thunder storm, to ward off the lightning. I little thought, while in her presence, that similar treatment to others, rendered it possible for her to serve me with the same sauce, but my mistake has been a valuable lesson; and I, am now determined, in precisely seven years from this time, to take a wife, and, to prevent all deception, shall court by proxy. Then, the eyes and years will not lead my heart and understanding astray, and with common fortune, I shall fulfil these four commands of the sage, viz. to build a house, plant a tree, take a wife, and raise an heir.

## A FINE WOMAN.

THIS phraise, when employed by nine tenths of the human race, means a female, with party coloured feathers waving on her head, and vanity fluttering at her heart. She, who with a few questions to her partner can play a game of Whist, go into her parlour, when it rains very fast abroad, and place a timely patch over an intrusive pimple, is a Fine Woman. But, if you seek one of Solomon's ladies, "whose price is above rubies," I advise you, my romantic friend, to embark in the first vessel bound to Jerusalem. You must cross the Red Sea if you mean to adventure on such rich merchandize.

## THE YOUNG MAN's SOLILOQUY,

ON THE EVENING BEFORE HE MARRIED.

THOU'LT soon exchange this single life, and plunge
Into the state of wedlock, where thou'lt range,
Pleas'd or unpleas'd thy station thou can't change.
And when bright Phebus brings the auspicious day,
That thou must march this untry'd dubious way;
Then thy condition chang'd will be, and thou
Wilt be thou know'st not what, nor where, nor how,
Trembling perhaps,---what would'st thou wish to do?
Now while I muse, my anxious heart doth beat,
With joy, to march, from whence there's no retreat:
Th' idea of Marriage, and my lovely spark,
Divines to me great pleasure in the dark.
Some married man this secret may reveal?
Tell me what you have felt, and I must feel?
'Tis said great pleasure's in a married life,
Pray tell me then, what 'tis to have a wife?
How can you (since you know) stand still and view
Young giddy mortals, posting after you,
And not inform them, what 'tis best to do?
But since I see that love, her point will carry,
I even conclude 'tis best for me to marry:
And after some short pause, some anxious joy,
I'm half amazed---(between a man and boy)
With love, and fear, and hope, and warm submission,
But still resolv'd to try this strange condition.

## THE YEAR.

THE trees all bare, benumb'd the ground,
And rueful winter howling round,
With clouds deform the air;
While, raging from the frozen north,
Loud blustring Boreas rushes forth,
And storms conclude the year.

Just as the year is, so the span
Of life allotted here to man,
And this his short liv'd race:
Youth's sportive spring, all blithe and gay,
And manhood's summer wear away,
Then autumn flies apace.

Last, aged winter's tott'ring tread,
And palsy'd hand, and hoary head,
Declare how soon we must
Increase the millions gone before,
(When time with us shall be no more)
And close our eyes in dust.

Then let us, in this little year
Of life, for that sad hour prepare,
When we must haste away;
Thus shall the monster lose his sting,
And thus may we, in triumph wing,
Our flight to endless day.

## THE COMPLAINT OF SOTADES THE ATHENIAN.

IS there a man, just, honest, nobly born?
Malice shall hunt him down.---Does wealth attend him?
Trouble is hard behind.------Conscience direct?
Beggary is at his heels.------Is he an artist?
Farewell repose!------An equal upright judge?
Report shall blast his virtues.------Is he strong?
Sickness shall sap his strength. Account that day,
Which brings no new mischance, a day of rest.
For what is man? What matter is he made of?
How born? What is he and what shall he be?
What an unnatural parent is this world,
To foster none but villains, and destroy
All, who are benefactors to mankind!
What was the fate of Socrates?---A prison,
A dose of poison: tried, condemn'd and kill'd.
How died Diogenes?---As a dog dies,
With a raw morsel in his hungry throat.
Alas for Æschylus! Musing he walk'd,
The soaring eagle dropt a tortoise down,
And crush'd that brain were tragedy had birth:
A paltry grape stone choak'd the ATHENIAN BEE:
Mastiffs of Thrace devour'd Euripides;
And god-like Homer, woe the while! was starv'd.
Thus life, blind life, teems with perpetual woes.

## ORACLE FOR THE LADIES.

*QUESTION.*

BY what means is she to attain the art of pleasing?

*ORACLE.*

FORTUNE.---I cannot contradict nature, who unhappily has left her very little hope in that respect.

WISDOM.---Virtue may reverse that doom; let her be good and she will prove most lovely.

FORTUNE.---Let her not seek for art when nature has been so prodigal towards her; who can resist the facinating power of beauty?

WISDOM.---Habit weakens that power, time destroys it; set no value upon so precarious a gift; cherish not an hope so deceitful.

FORTUNE ---She is to draw mens hearts into the snares of refined coquetry, and to laugh at their vain efforts to be released.

WISDOM.---By her being decoyed into the same snares, all her captives will recover their liberty; for the deceiver is doomed to a just retaliation.

FORTUNE.---She is to be beloved for the pliancy of her mind, and for the constant sweetness of her temper.

WISDOM.---Let her not make an indiscriminate use of these good qualifications, or they will become no less insipid than dangerous.

FORTUNE.---With the purity of the lily and the freshness of the rose, can her triumph over the hearts of mankind be doubtful.

WISDOM.---A breath stains the lily; in the course of a day the rose fades: let her virtues deserve to be compared to the unchangeable and everlasting amaranth, and her triumph is certain.

"Sweet fragrance yields the blushing rose,
"Fair's the milk-white lily,
"Yet what's the beauties they disclose
"To those which grace the lovely Lily?"

## WASHINGTON's BIRTH-DAY.

YES, thou shalt ever be the theme of praise,
Dear to thy happy country, and mankind,
While Freedom pours her cloud-dispelling rays---
While Virtue's precepts captivate the mind.

## BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

HAPPINESS and virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are joint offsprings of good sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

## LAW ANECDOTE.

AT an auction of a gentleman's library, lately sold in Dublin, a manuscript law book was set up, the production of a late eminent hand, and to advance the price, the auctioneer informed the company, that, besides its originality, it had the additional advantage of an opinion concerning it, written on a blank leaf by one of the most distinguished sages of the law, which he could not shew until the book was sold. This took so well with the literati, that they out bid each other, until it was knocked down at an advanced price, when all eagerly crowded round the purchaser to read the opinion, which, to avoid being crushed to death, to their disappointment and his own mortification, he read these words: "Memorandum, "I have carefully read this book, the performance of "Counsellor S-----n, and do pronounce it not worth a "farthing."

## EXTEMPORE,

On a beautiful young Lady being sworn as a witness in a late cause.

IF such a witness KISS THE BOOK,
I heave a sigh, and on her look;
And wish to Heav'n that BOOK I were,
Whereon such witness comes to swear.

SATURDAY, *March* 4, 1797.

YESTERDAY the moſt free and enlightened nation under Heaven may date the termination of the public ſervices of GEORGE WASHINGTON---Conſequently, this day JOHN ADAMS, becomes PRESIDENT of the United States of America. May his Preſidential career ſecure to America, at leaſt, ſome of thoſe eminent ſervices, which has rendered WASHINGTON ſo much the admiration of the world!

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AT the concluſion of the war, Dr. Franklin, the Engliſh Ambaſſador, and the French Miniſter, Vergennes, dining together at Verſailles, a toaſt from each was called for, and agreed to: The Britiſh Miniſter began with, "George the Third, who, like the SUN in its meredian, ſpreads a luſtre throughout, and enlightens the world." The French Miniſter followed with, "The illuſtrious Louis Sixteen; who, like the MOON, ſheds its mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe." Our American Franklin then gives, "George Waſhington, Commander of the armies; who, like Joſhua of old, commanded the SUN and the MOON to STAND STILL, and they obeyed him."

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APPOINTMENT---BY AUTHORITY.

The Preſident of the United States, by and with the advice and conſent of the Senate, laſt Monday appointed WILLIAM VANS MURRAY to be Miniſter Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Batavia.

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A Reſolution paſſed the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the United States, on Tueſday, granting to Gen. Waſhington the previlege of franking letters during the remainder of his life.

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Extract of a letter from a gentlemen at St. Piere's, Martinique, dated Feb 1, to his friend in this city.

"A powerful force is daily expected here; at Fort Royal all manner of warlike ſtores and proviſions are already embarked on board tranſports and ſhips of war, and the troops in all the Iſlands are under orders to hold themſelves ready on the ſhorteſt notice. Laſt week arrived at Barbadoes, four tranſports, with one thouſand of Dillon's brigade, one ſloop of war, and a 44 armed en flute, but where they are all going we know not.

N. B. A Spaniſh prize ſhip brought into Barbadoes---a cargo of dollars."

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LEYDEN, Dec. 11

Extract of a Letter from Vienna, Nov. 26.

"The ſupplies of cattle, horſes, &c. which the ſtates of Hungary have volentarily engaged to furniſh, are eſtimated at 8 millions of florins.

"On the 21ſt, the Jews, who are eſtabliſhed in all parts of Hungary, offered to the emperor, in a ſervice of plate, the ſum of 20,000 florins, in ducats of Riempitz; and alſo a preſent of 3500 buſhels of Oats."

Letters and papers from Paris of the 5th December, announce (but without date and not officially) the taking of Mantua.

The plan of Gen. Buonaparte to attack the corps of Gen. Davidovich, and force him to retire into Tirol, has not failed of being put in execution, as we learn by a letter from Botzen, of Nov. 26, which we may conſider as official, and of which the following is an extract:

"After the victory which Gen. Davidovich obtained on the 17th of this month, near Rivoli, over the French forces under Gen. Vaubois, the enemy were repulſed even to the gates of Peſchiera, and over the Minico; and on the 19th, the corps of Davidovich had effectually paſſed this river. But on this ſame day news was received that Gen. d'Alvinzy had been defeated. Davidovich was then under the neceſſity of falling back as far as Campera. From this place a courier was ſent to Gen. d'Alvinzy: but was intercepted by the enemy, who of courſe, knew the whole ſtate and ſituation of our forces. In conſequence of this Gen. Buonaparte on the 21ſt came upon Gen. Davidovich with ſuperior forces and obliged him to retreat again; eſpecially as a column of 4600 French were already maſters of the height of Peri, the retreat would have been effected without much loſs, had not a battalion of Erbach of 600 men who had loſt the way, been made priſoners. The whole loſs amount to 810 men. The Ponto de Pontons nears Dolce has been of neceſſity abandoned, and burnt by the enemy."

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Letter from General Buonaparte to General Clark.

Verona, November 19.

Your nephew Eliot was ſlain in the field of battle at Arcole. This young man had become well acquainted with arms: he often marched at the head of the columns: he would have been hereafter a valuable officer. He died with glory, facing the enemy, and did not ſuffer one inſtant. Who would not envy ſuch a death? Who is there that contemplating the changes of life, would not claim the privilege of quitting this worthleſs world in ſuch a manner? Who among us has not an hundred times lamented that he had not got out of the reach of calumny, of envy, and of all the hateful paſſions which ſeem almoſt excluſively to direct the conduct of mankind?

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ROME, November 19.

Our fate is not yet decided; and, ſo far as reſpects the Holy See, war appears more probable than peace. Citizen Cocault having been appointed by the Directory at Paris, miniſter plenipotentiary to open new negociations of peace; he wiſhed to preſent himſelf in this character to the Pope, who ſent him to the Cardinal Buſca, ſecretary of ſtate.

He attended him for this purpoſe, but the conference was ſo ſhort, that we are led to ſuppoſe that the preliminary overtures were not conformable to his views; ſince then all attempts have been ſuſpended. Mean time our court continues with activity its preparations for war. A body of 6,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 1,000 artillery, will be ready by the firſt of next month.

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Letter from General Buonaparte to the executive Directory

Verona, 4th Frimaire (24th November)

"I have informed you, citizen directors, by my laſt letter, that General Vaubois had been obliged to abandon the poſt of Rivoli, and that the enemy had already arrived at Caſtel Nova.

"I improved the route of the enemy at Arcole, by cauſing the diviſion of General Maſſena immediately to repaſs the Adige, who effected a junction, at Villa Franca, with General Vaubois, and united, they marched to Caſtel Nova, the 1ſt Frimaire (November 21) whilſt the diviſion of General Augereau aſcended the heights of St. Anne, to cut the valley of Adige to Dolce and by this means to cut off the retreat of the enemy. General Joubert, commanding the anvanced guard of the diviſions of Maſſena, and Vaubois united, attacked the enemy upon the heights of Campara: after a flight action, we overtook and ſurrounded a corps of the enemy's rear guard, and made 1200 priſoners, among which is the Colonel of the regiment d'Erbach. A body of 3 or 400 men attepting to ſave themſelves were drowned in the Adige. We did not content ourſelves with retaking Rivoli and Corona; we purſued the enemy to Preabano.---Angereau in the mean time had engaged a body of the enemy in the heights of St. Anne, and diſperſed it---he made 300 priſoners, was arrived at Dolce, burnt two equipages of pontoons on Laqueto, and took ſome baggage.

"General Wurmſer made a ſally from Mantua yeſterday at 7 o'clock A. M. The cannonade laſted the whole day. General Kilmaine made him return, as uſual, with greater ſpeed than he came out, with the loſs of 200 priſoners, an howitzer, and two pieces of cannon. Wurmſer commanded this ſally in perſon. This is the third time (General Kilmaine writes me) that Wurmſer has attempted a ſortie, and always with as little ſucceſs. Wurmſer is ſucceſsful only in the Journals which the enemies of the Republic fabricate at Paris.

"BUONAPARTE."

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General Buonaparte to Citoyenne Muiron.

"Muiron died at my ſide immediately, at the battle of Arcole. You have loſt a huſband who was dear; I have loſt a friend to whom I had long been attached; but the country has loſt more than we by loſing an officer, equally diſtinguiſhed by his talents, as by his ſingular courage. If I can render any ſervice to you, or your children, I requeſt you to repoſe entire confidence in me.

"BUONAPARTE."

# Court of Hymen.

*MARRIED*

On Saturday evening, the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr Abeel, Captain JOSEPH MARSCHALK, to Miſs MARY YOULE, both of this city.

On Friday evening the 24th ult. at Horſe-Neck, (Conn.) by the Rev. Iſaac Lewis, Mr WARREN DELANCY to Miſs SARAH REBECCA LAWRENCE, both of Weſt-Cheſter.

Same evening, by the Rev Dr Moore, Mr JOHN DEVAY, of Albany, to Miſs MARY WARREN, late of England.

On Wedneſday eveniſg laſt, by the Rev Dr Lyon, Mr PETER VOORHIS, to Mrs NANCY SMITH, widow of Mr Joſeph Smith, deceaſed, all of this city.

# THEATRE.

*ON MONDAY EVENING*

WILL BE PRESENTED, (for the 7th Time)

(After which both OPERA and FARCE, will be laid by for ſome Time)

The OPERA of, The

## Siege of Belgrade.

Acted One Hundred Nights in one Seaſon, at Drury-Lane Theatre. Muſic by Storace,---Accompanyments by Pelliſier. With new Scenery, Machinery, and Dreſſes. The Scenery executed by Jefferſon.

| | |
|---|---|
| Colonel Cohenburg, | Mr Hodkinſon, |
| Leopold, | Mr Jefferſon, |
| Peter, | Mr Munto, |
| Uſeph, | Mr Johnſon, |
| Iſmael, | Mr Seymour, |
| Anſelm, | Mr Macgrath, |
| Michael, | Mr Miller, |
| Peaſants, Auſtrian Soldiers, and Turkiſh Guards, | Meſſrs. Lee, Woolls, Roberts, Leonard, &c. |
| And, The Seraſkier, | Mr Tyler, |
| Lilla, | Mrs Seymour, |
| Ghita, | Miſs Brett, |
| Fatima, | Mrs Munto, |
| And, Cathatine, | Mrs Hodgkinſon, |

In Act 2d,

The Turkiſh March will be Accompanied with CYMBALS, never yet heard in this Country.

In Act 3d,

A Combat with Sabres on the Walls of Belgrade, Between Meſſrs. Martin, and Jefferſon.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A FARCE, called,

## Two Strings to your Bow,

*Or, The Servant with two Maſters.*

BOX 6s. PIT 6s. GALLERY 4s.

☞ Places in the Boxes, and Tickets, as uſual.

*VIVAT RESPUBLICA.*


## A Stone Dwelling Houſe,

CONTAINING four rooms and three fire places, cellar, a large garret which may be made into bed rooms with little expence, with about two acres and a quarter of land, pleaſantly ſituated in the vicinity of Weſel, Eaſt-Jerſy, about two miles from Aquackonoc landing, on the main road to Patterſon; a good ſtand for a grocery and dry good ſtore. There are on the premiſes a barn, ſome excellent fruit trees, and a never-failing ſpring of good water. For terms apply to JOHN HALL, on the premiſes.

February 11, 1797. 5o tf £3

## Printing, in all its Branches,

Performed at this Office, with neatneſs, accuracy and diſpatch.

# Court of Apollo.

SONG.

[Written by an American abroad.]

OH! had I my choice.
Where, from riot and noiſe,
I might taſte the ſweet joys
Of domeſtic felicity---
America's the ſpot,
Where beſide a cool grot
I would chuſe me a cot
Deck'd with rural ſimplicity.
Let the Rake have his -----,
And the Miſer his ſtore,
The Ambitious his power---
As for me, I'd not heed them, O!
Sequeſter'd from care,
Life's true pleaſures I'd ſhare,
And enjoy my good cheer,
In the ſweet Land of Freedom, O!
Hoſpitality,
Juſt Equality---
No Venality
Taints the Community;
But honeſt and juſt,
Ever true to their truſt,
Are the brave Sons of Freedom and Unity.

But the truth I will own,
For 'tis very well known,
That living alone
Is no envied condition, O!
I ſhould wiſh, I confeſs,
For ſome lovely young Miſs,
To add to my bliſs,
That dear bliſs of fruition, O!
And if ſhe would join
But her fortune to mine,
Life's ſweets to refine,
While new joys ſhould ſucceed them, O!
With ſuch a fair friend,
All my pleaſures to blend,
What a life I would ſpend
In the ſweet Land of Freedom, O!
Hoſpitality,
Juſt Equality---
No Venality
Taints the Community;
But honeſt and juſt,
Ever true to their truſt,
Are the brave Sons of Freedom and Unity.

In intercourſe ſweet,
With our friends we would meet,
Nor envy the Great,
With their vain Oſtentation, O!
Their pompous Court-ſcenes,
With their Lords, Kings and Queens;
What are they but the means
Of enſlaving the Nation, O!
Such pageants as theſe
(A nation's diſeaſe)
Vain Courtiers may pleaſe,
Who well know that they need them, O!
But oh here let me ſtay,
From ſuch ſcenes far away,
Nor e'er fooliſhly ſtray,
From the ſweet Land of Freedom, O!
Happy Government!
Long here reſident,
May our Preſident
Guard the Community;
May Commerce long flouriſh,
And Plenty e'er nouriſh
The brave Sons of Freedom and Unity!


## 20 Lots of Land,

In the Township of Union, on the Suſquehanna River for Sale---Enquire at this office.



*JOHN HARRISSON*
No. 3, Peck-Slip,

HAS RECEIVED IN ADDITION TO HIS FORMER ASSORTMENT, THE FOLLOWING

## New and Entertaining Novels.

MYSTERIES of Udolpho, Count Roderick's Caſtle,
The Caſtles of Athlin and Dunbayne, a Highland Story.
Roger de Clarendon, Robert and Adela,
Auguſta Deubeigh, Hiſtory of Captain and Miſs Rivers,
Mariamne, or Iriſh Anecdotes,
Fille de Chambre, (by Mrs Rowſon)
Widow, or a Picture of modern times, Contraſt,
Royal Captives, Nature and Art, Paul and Mary,
Cecilia, Henry, John of Gaunt, Peregrine Pickle,
Younger Brother, Duke of Clarence,
Sutton Abbey, Dutcheſs of York, Ghoſt-Seer,
Louiſa, the Lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Madame de Barnevelt, Love's Pilgrimage, Angelina,
Herman of Unna, Son of Ethalwolf, Fatal Follies,
Italian Nun, Child of Providence, Young Widow,
Orlando and Lavinia, Honoria Somerville,
Eloiſa, with the Sequel of Julia, Audley Forteſcue,
Charles Mandaville, Arundel, German Gil Blas,
Edwy, ſon of Ethelred the Second, an hiſtoric tale,
Rock of Modrec, or the Legend of Sir Elthram,
French Adventurer, Solyman and Fatima, Tom Jones,
Inquiſitor, (by Mrs Rowſon) Romance of the Foreſt,
Baroneſs d'Alantun, Emely Montague,
Gonzalvo of Cordova, Myſtic Cottage of Chamouny,
Evelina, or the Hiſtory of a young lady's entrance into the world.
Arabian Tales, Victim of Paſſion, Arabian Nights,
Perfidious Guardian, or Viciſſitudes of Fortune,
Simple Story, Joſeph, Sandford and Merton,
Siege of Belgrade, Sydney and Eugenia,
Life of Samuel Simkins, Eſq. Gabrielle de Vergey,
Recluſe of the Appenines, Sympathetic Tales,
Rencounter, or Tranſition of a Moment,
Philanthropic Rambler, Moral Tales, Baron Trenck,
Daniſh Maſſacre, Triſtram Shandy, Fool of Quality,
Juka Benſon, Almoran and Hamet,
Man of Feeling, Sorrows of Werter, Joſeph Andrews,
Vicar of Wakefield, Pamela, Man of the World,
Julia de Robigne, Citizen of the World,
Telemachus, Viſit of a Week, Rural Walks,
Sentimental Journey, Letters of an American Farmer,
Roderick Random, Entertaining Noveliſt,
Devil on two Sticks, (French and Engliſh) Democrat,
Queen of France, Memoirs of Mrs Coglan,
Muſeum of Agreeable Entertainment, Boyle's Voyages,
Guſtavus Vaſſa, Tales of Paſt Times, (French and Engliſh)
Robinſon Cruſoe, (large) Gulliver's Travels, ditto.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

## Childrens Books and School Books.

*American and Engliſh Playing Cards,*
By the groce, dozen, or ſingle pack.



## *New Panorama,*

BELONGING TO G. BAKER.

ON Monday next the 6th inſt. will be opened in Greenwich-ſtreet, near the bottom of Barley-ſtreet, the PANORAMA, or a natural and original view of the beautiful city of CHARLESTON, the capital of South Carolina; it is 110 feet in length, and 20 feet in height, and contains upwards of 2000 ſquare feet of canvaſs. A complete and accurate deſcription of the city will be handed the ſpectator at the time of viſiting the Panorama.---To be ſeen at the ſame time, a Grand AUTOMATON BIRD-CAGE CLOCK, which coſt 500 dollars, containing the Canary Bird and Bulfinch, preſerved from the life,---they ſing as perfect as living birds, and ſhew all the motions of life.

At the Panorama is a PRINT SHOP, well furniſhed with 200 different engravings, a number of fine Paintings, and a large collection of American Butterflies and other Inſects in frames. An elegant pair of large Glaſs Chandeliers, with burniſhed gold arms and candle ſockets, price 100 dollars. The Panorama was painted by the celebrated Mr Winſtanly. Panorama open every day from 10 to 4 o'clock, and viſitors can be admitted at all times as a family lives in the houſe.

Admittance 4s. Children 2s.

N. B. An Automaton Bird-Cage Clock, of the above deſcription, for ſale, price 500 dollars.

New-York, Feb. 4, 1796. 49 tf.



## Mrs. S. Sparhawk, *Miliner,*

From London, has removed from the ſhop, No. 59, Maiden-lane, to No. 133, William-ſtreet,

AND takes this method to inform her friends and the public that ſhe has received in ſome of the lateſt veſſels from London. Dreſs and half dreſs caps, bonnets, hats, &c. ſtraw wreaths and ſprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Elegant rich ſilk gauze for dreſſes, ſome ſaſhes, and a variety of ribbons, 90 tf.

New-York, May 2, 1796.



NOTICE.

THE Partnerſhip of William and Richardſon Parcels, was deſſolved the 1ſt of January laſt. All perſons indebted to the ſaid firm, are requeſted to make payment to the ſubſcribers, and all thoſe who have demands againſt them, will pleaſe to render their accounts to either of the ſubſcribers.

WILLIAM and RICHARDSON PARCELS.

Bowery, Feb. 11, 1797. 50 4t 3t



JOHN VANDER POOL,

## Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

HAS for ſale, Window glaſs and Putty, a general aſſortment of PAINTS, Linſeed Oil, Paint Bruſhes, Limners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Camel's Hair Pencils, Cheap for Caſh, or approved notes.

Aug. 6 23---tf.



## For Sale,

A Corner lot of land, on the main Bowery Road, near Byard's Lane, and a ſmall lot on the rear of ſaid lot---terms one part caſh, remainder may remain twenty years on intereſt.

Alſo, Two ſmall double genteel Houſes for ſale, leaſe 19 years unexpired, ſubject to no ground rent during the remainder of the term, one a grocery ſtore, on the main Bowery Road and corner of Bleecker-Street, the other joins ſaid houſe, ſuitable for a ſmall family. For terms apply to JOHN WAREHAM, on the premiſes, or Mr GEORGE WEBSTER, No. 24, Ann-ſtreet, near Naſſau-ſtreet, or Mr JOHN BENSON, oppoſite the Oſwego Market, Maiden-lane.

Alſo, To be leaſed, five lots of land ſituate on the Bowery Road and Greenwich-Street.

Alſo, Two ſmall houſes in Charlotte-ſtreet, near the Eaſt River---Alſo, Two houſes in Henry-ſtreet, near the New Market. The ſtreets will be dug out and paved by the preſent owner at his own expence. Leaſe 19 years unexpired, terms part caſh, remainder in 6 and 12 months.

January 14. 46 tf



## Hibbert's Brown Stout, & Beſt London Porter,

Imported from London in bottles, and for Sale at a ſmall advance on the original coſt, by

MICHAEL MOORE, and CO.

AT THEIR

## PORTER VAULTS,

No. 77, John-ſtreet, late Golden-hill, at the houſe of C. HAVILAND, Merchant Tailor, one of the Company.

By the tierce, containing 6, 7, and 8 dozen, and by the ſingle dozen. Alſo,

Bath and Liverpool Ale, American Porter and Cyder.

Merchants, Captains of veſſels, whether in town or country, may be ſupplied at the ſhorteſt notice, and all orders ſhall be carefully attended.

N. B. London Porter, Brown Stout, Ale, &c. warranted bottled in London.

☞ A generous price given for empty bottles.

October 8. 32 tf



## A. W. LAY.

## Watch Maker and Jeweller,

No. 85, Naſſau-Street,

N. B. Watch caſes of every kind neatly made.

New-York, July 30. 22 tf



## *To Let,*

From the firſt of May next,

An OFFICE, and BED-ROOM adjoining, with fire places, lately occupied by JAMES WOODS, Eſq. Enquire at No. 49, corner of Gold and Beekman ſtreets.

February 25. 5t

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CUT-

# The Weekly Museum

Four Cents single.] SATURDAY, *MARCH* 11, 1797. [One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.

No. 41. of Vol. IX.] NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, at his Printing-Office, (Yorick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip. [Whole Numb. 454.


## THE HISTORY OF CHARLES MORTIMER.

[Concluded.]

"I Forgive you," replied Mortimer, "and may heaven pardon the injuries you have done me; here are a thousand dollars in bank bills, and if that sum will not afford an adequate relief to your misery, you have still further claims upon

YPE

-OFF

... you to an infamous, though unmerited punishment; she was convicted by a confession of her crime, and your innocence was manifested to the astonishment of the whole court, who were impressed with a lively sense of the injustice and indignities you had suffered. She is now imprisoned, and will soon receive that condign punishment which her infamy merits. After I had been a witness to the brutal treatment you received, from your overseer, my heart relented; nay I became frantic, and avowed to my father my inviolable attachment to you. He reprobated my weakness; he frustrated my expectation, and to remedy my distress, as he conceived, [illegible] me you had died of the blow you received and I had never heard to the contrary. I am however transcendantly blessed in seeing you alive, and I hope you experience that happiness which has been denied to the wretched Amelia."

"This information, Amelia," replied Mortimer, "gives me infinite pleasure. I am now above the frowns of dependence; my uncle has bequeathed me an immense fortune, and had you possessed the heart of a woman, had you not resisted the dictates of nature, with such scornful pride, you should have partaken that fortune with me."

"And is there then an obstacle?" said Amelia. "True I do not deserve your esteem, and after what has passed, you cannot condescend to make me happy; my conduct towards you precludes such an expectation, and I cannot indulge the anticipation of being united to a man, whom my inraptured heart pourtrays, as the paragon of ex-

" replied Morti-
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Miss Ruston, a-
rushed into the
the most tragic

nelia; "I pre-
im whom hea-
companion in
ardency. To
self, and your
me retire to a
history of my
sorrows."

Amelia was conveyed to bed, where she was confined without the hopes of recovery. She became inconsolable, and requested to be excluded from all society that she might give full vent to the tempest of her soul.

In the mean while preparations were making for Mortimer's nuptials, and the day intended to consummate the happy union, was appointed. Amelia's indisposition encreased, and a retrospect of her conduct inspired her with the most horrible sensations: conscience was her rigorous accuser; her indigence and a sense of the guilt she had perpetrated, planted daggers in her breast. She spent her nights in a gloomy converse with despair, and the loss of him whose pre-eminent virtues were reserved for the possession of a more meritorious object, at times rendered her frantic and delerious.

The day intended for the consummation of the marriage, arrived; the hall where the wedding guests were convened, was a scene of festivity, and joy shone conspicuous in every countenance.

At length the happy pair appeared; the nuptial ceremony was short, and they were soon connected in the most indissoluble union. Music and festive rapture succeeded; but Amelia's soul experienced a fatal reverse. The awful reflection of Mortimer's marriage increased her indisposition, and she requested a private conferance with him. As he entered her apartment she was laying on a sopha in the act of devotion: she looked stedfastly at him, and in a plaintive tone of voice enquired of his union was consummated. He replied in the affirmative. "Come near me then," said she, "that I may bid you an everlasting adieu: my misery is now complete." He sat down by her side, and the teats of compassion glided down his cheeks. Her voice faultered; she looked mournfully at him:—an eloquent pause succeeded; she fell upon his breast, and with fervent aspirations to an offended heaven, expired in his arms.

## THE BANDITTI.

A Story founded in Fact.

MR. LOVELL is the son of an eminent Italian merchant of London, who gave him a genteel education; but as he was designed for business in the merchantile line the classics did not form the chief part of his study, though he was not ignorant of them; the more useful living language, such as French, Spanish, and Italian, engaged more of his attention than either Greek or Latin.

When he had attained the age of maturity he was placed in his father's counting-house as head clerk, and conducted the business in a very satisfactory manner for near three years. At the end of this period he went abroad, taking Paris in his way to Italy. In that metropolis he resided some time, without yielding to the extravagant frivolities so prevalent in that capital, his chief study being to cultivate such acquaintauce as might be serviceable to him in his future pursuits in life.

He then repaired to Italy, which was the principal seat of his merchantile connexions. At Florence he was invited to the house of one of the most capital merchants of that city, with whom he had corresponded for some time. After he had settled a long and intricate account, which a considerable time, he was preparing for his departure in England: but he found an attraction which had not hitherto discovered itself, in the person of the lovely Livinia, whose figure was uncommonly beautiful, and her mental accomplishments still more engaging. She was the only daughter of signor P——i, at whose house he had continued for near three months, during which period he passed the greator part of his time in her company.

Hitherto he had made no other professions, either to Lavinia or her father, than those of friendship; he now found that his heart was more deeply engaged in her favour than he had yet conjectured. In fine, he remitted home a considerable sum he had received as the balance of the house, and made an excuse for remaining some time longer in Italy.

Mr. Lovell found it in vain any longer to conceal his passion, either from himself or the amiable fair one who had inspired it. He now paid